Current Events in Review

By Edward W. Pickard

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Spanish Government Is Checking the Rebellion

REPORTS from various sources when analyzed indicated that the Spanish government was more than holding its own in the desperate fighting with the Fascist rebels. It was sending men out to check the advance of General Mola's columns on Madrid from the north and bombing rebel strongholds in that part of the country, as well as Cordoba and Seville in the south and Ceuta and Melilla in Morocco. The loyalists won decided victories at Caspe in Guadarrama mountains where the rebels were trying to break through to Madrid, and at Uclés.

C. G. Bowers

Mola's officers explained that he was waiting for the arrival of General Franco's forces from the south, but those troops had not been able to get very far in their advance on the capital. Their chieftains, however, professed to be confident of ultimate victory.

Claude G. Bowers, American ambassador to Spain, was cut off from communication with the summer quarters of his embassy at San Sebastian for several days, being himself at his summer residence in Fuentarrabia, close to the French border. He finally got in touch with the embassy and removed the staff to his villa. Mr. Bowers also provided safe haven for a number of other foreign diplomats and their families. He said he had ascertained that not a single American had been injured in the civil war. American warships and liners were utilized to evacuate all the Americans in ports where their lives were in danger.

Nazi-Polish Quarrel in Danzig Is Ending

ACCORDING to announcement by a Polish news agency which is generally considered to be the mouthpiece of the Polish foreign office, an accord has been reached between Berlin and Warsaw on the policies to be followed in the Free City of Danzig. The Nazis are said to have agreed to give explanations that will take the sting out of recent incidents in the city. The texts of letters exchanged between Germany and Poland will be submitted to the League of Nations before being made public.

Vimy Ridge Memorial Unveiled by Edward

MORE than 100,000 persons stood in silence at Vimy, France, as King Edward VIII of England unveiled the magnificent memorial

King Edward

built by France to commemorate the heroic capture of Vimy Ridge by Canadian forces in April, 1917. Greeting President Lebrun of France in French, the king said:

"We raise this memorial to Canadian warriors. It is an inspired expression in stone chiseled by a skillful Canadian hand of Canada's salute to her fallen sons. It stands on the scene of feats of arms which history will long remember and that Canada can never forget. And the ground it covers is the gift of France to Canada."

The dedication culminated ten years of labor and an expenditure of about $1,000,000 on erection of the memorial. The work was completed after earlier delays in construction because of difficulties in finding the 7,000 to 8,000 tons of special stone required.

Walter S. Allward, Toronto architect and sculptor who designed the monument for the Canadian battlefields memorial commission, supervised the preparations for the unveiling.

Sir Henry Wellcome, Scientist, Dies

SIR HENRY WELLCOME, who was born in a log cabin in Wisconsin 83 years ago and who became one of England's greatest scientists and explorers, died in London following an operation. His scientific achievements ranged from the establishment of physiological laboratories to pioneering in the field of archaeological survey through the use of airplanes. He won the Royal Humane Society life saving medal in 1885 and as late as 1927 founded the Lady Stanley Maternity hospital in Uganda, Central Africa.

Queen Mary Sets New Atlantic Record

THE Queen Mary, Cunard White Star line's great liner, set a new transatlantic record in her latest crossing to New York, taking the blue ribbon of the sea from the Normandie of the French line. Her time from Cherbourg breakwater to Ambrose lightship was four days, eight hours and thirty-seven minutes. This beat Normandie's record by three hours and five minutes, but Queen Mary's course was somewhat shorter than that taken by her rival, and the latter still holds the speed by four records.

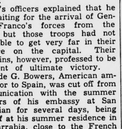
Flying out to greet the British liner, a big seaplane piloted by Capt. W. W. Vincapaw fell to the sea. The nine persons aboard were picked up by a boat from the liner Exermont, but one of them, E. T. Ramsdell, a Boston newspaper photographer, was fatally injured.

Repudiate Debts If Lemke Loses, Says Coughlin

FATHER CHARLES E. COUGHLIN, speaking at the home-coming celebration for William Lemke at Hankinson, N. D., advised his hearers to repudiate their debts if the Union party candidate were not elected President, "and if anybody tries to enforce them," he added, "repudiate them also." This, the priest declared, is the only way out.

Board Is Appointed to Study Drouth Remedies

SCATTERED rains over limited areas brought only temporary relief from the heat and drouth, and then warm weather started a new advance over the corn belt. The federal crop report board in Washington said the drouth was as severe as that of 1934 and worse than any since the western country was settled. The serious conditions prevailed over practically the entire area from the Rocky mountains in Montana to the Hudson valley in New York and southward over western Pennsylvania, central Maryland, the Ohio valley, parts of Arkansas, and most of Oklahoma.



M. L. Cooke

It was announced in Washington that President Roosevelt had created a national committee to study measures for recovering conditions in the drouth region through utilization of natural resources. The committee is headed by Morris L. Cooke, rural electrification administrator. Other members are Col. Richard C. Moore of the army engineers; John C. Page, acting commissioner of the bureau of reclamation; Frederick H. Fowler of the national resources committee; Rexford G. Tugwell, resettlement administrator, and Harry L. Hopkins, works progress administrator.

Mr. Roosevelt intends to make a trip through the drouth area late in August.

Many Quitting the CCC to Take Private Jobs

DIRECTOR ROBERT FECHNER reports that nearly 13,000 members of the Civilian Conservation Corps left that organization during June to accept private employment, and he said this was largely attributable to the general improvement in business conditions and in part to the practical education given the men.

The exact number discharged in June was 12,995, the largest group to quit since the service first had a duced to a maximum of 350,000.

Nominations for Senate Are Made in Iowa

IOWA Republicans nominated Barbara Hallam Charlton, auxiliary and American Legion leade., for the United States senate seat made vacant by the death of Louis Murphy. His Democratic opponent is Guy M. Gillette.

The state Farmer-Labor party delegates met in Des Moines and named former Senator Smith Wildman Brookhart as their candidate for the seat. Until recently he has been connected with the New Deal farm organization.

Ousting of Eleanor Holm From Olympic Team

PROBABLY the controversy over the ousting of Eleanor Holm from the American Olympic team will not be long lived; but it is difficult to see how the committee could have done otherwise in the circumstances. The backhand swimming champion, who is Mrs. Jarrett in private life, refused to obey the training rules and indulged in several drinking parties on the ship that carried the athletes to Germany. She disregarded warnings, and afterward said the officials knew she liked "a good time, particularly champagne." Her defenders seem to think she was old enough and experienced enough to be permitted to do as she pleased, regardless of the effect on discipline.

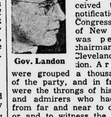
Organized Labor Split Nears the Climax

IT SEEMS at this time that nothing can prevent the great schism in the ranks of American organized labor. John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, and his followers in the industrial union movement, are determined to go ahead with their plans for the organization of steel workers into a mass union, and now have expanded their program, proposing to unionize thus the employees of steel fabrication and processing plants.

Moreover, Lewis and his associates have declared they will not appear before the executive council of the American Federation of Labor to stand trial on charges of "fomenting insurrection," so it appears the council can do nothing but suspend the rebels and their unions, these constituting about one third of the federation's membership. If this is done, the final decision as to expulsion of these unions will be made by the national convention in Tampa in November.

Gov. Landon Accepts the Republican Nomination

GOV. ALF M. LANDON now knows officially that he is the Republican nominee for President of the United States. Before more than 100,000 of his fellow citizens he stood at the south entrance of the Kansas capitol in Topeka and received the formal notification from Congressman Snell of New York, who was permanent chairman of the Cleveland convention. Around him were grouped a thousand leaders of the party, and in front of him were the throngs of his supporters and admirers who had gathered from far and near to do him honor and to witness the ceremonies. Trains, automobiles, buses and airplanes had been pouring them into Topeka for several days and the gayly decorated little city was crowded to the limit. Everyone was happy and enthusiastic and everyone appeared confident that Landon would be elected.



Gov. Landon

The nominee's speech of acceptance was the plain spoken, upright kind of talk his hearers expected. Asking divine guidance to make him worthy of the faith and confidence shown in him, he said:

"This call, coming to one whose life has been that of the everyday American, is proof of the freedom of opportunity which belongs to the people under our government."

Here, briefly, is what Mr. Landon had to say on some of the more vital issues:

Recovery — "The record shows that these (New Deal) measures did not fit together into any definite program of recovery. Many of them worked at cross-purposes and defeated themselves. The nation has not made the durable progress, either in reform or recovery, that we had the right to expect . . . We must be freed from incessant governmental intimidation and hostility. We must be freed from excessive expenditures and crippling taxation. We must be free from the effects of an arbitrary and uncertain monetary policy, and from private monopolistic control."

Relief — "Let me emphasize that while we propose to follow a policy of economy in government expenditures, those who need relief will get it. We will not take our economies out of the allotments to the unemployed. We will take them out of the hides of the political exploiters."

Agriculture — "We shall establish effective soil conservation and production control policies in connection with a national land use and flood prevention program—and keep it all out of politics. Our farmers are entitled to all of the home market they can supply without injustice to the consumer. We propose a policy that protects them in this right . . . We propose to pay cash benefits in order to cushion our farm families against the disastrous effects of price fluctuations and to protect their standard of living."

Labor — "The right of labor to organize means to me the right of employees to join any type of union they prefer, whether it covers their plant, their craft or their industry. It means that, in the absence of a union contract, an employee has an equal right to join a union or to refuse to join a union."

Democracy — "It is not my belief that the Constitution is above change. The men have the right, by the means they have prescribed, to change their form of government to fit their wishes . . . But change must come by and through the will of the people expressed . . . The Republican party, however, does not believe that the people wish to abandon the American form of government."

State Rights — "There has now appeared in high places a new and dangerous impulse. This is the theory that the end may sanctify the means. This is the Chief Executive, without the consent, the powers which they have kept in their state governments or which they have reserved in themselves. In its ultimate effect upon the welfare of the whole people, this is the most important question now before us. Shall we continue to delegate more and more power to the Chief Executive or do we desire to preserve the American form of government?"

"The Man Who O-O'd" Tales and Traditions from American Political History

By FRANK E. HAGEN

ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE DEFEATED HIMSELF

HISTORIANS lay the blame for James G. Blaine's defeat to a number of men. But the fact is that Blaine defeated himself—with the aid of Roscoe Conkling.

It started when both men were young congressmen. One day in 1866 the New Yorker, who had been lording it over the lower house, became engaged in a dispute with the Maine representative and declared haughtily: "If the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject under debate, I think he would hardly take the trouble to express it."

Blaine rose and, facing Conkling, delivered this speech: "As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is as nothing! His haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supercilious, overpowering turkey gobbler strut has been so crushing to myself and all the members in this house that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for this. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton of the New York Independent, spent some weeks in this city recently. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon a member from New York. That gentleman took it seriously and it has given his strut additional pomposity. The resemblance is striking. Hyperion to a satyr; Thersites to Hercules; mud to marble; dungnill to diamond; a singed cat to a royal Bengal tiger; a whining puppy to a roaring lion."

Conkling—it took only two minutes—ruined Blaine's political career forever. It completely squelched Conkling, but it pierced his vanity to the roots. From that moment he hated Blaine and for the next 20 years devoted himself to thwarting the "Plumed Knight." Twice he kept the Eve Englisher from getting the Republican nomination and twice contributed to his defeat at the polls in November.

ROORBACK

AS ELECTION time nears, watch out for "roorbacks" — those campaign lies which are circulated in the last few days of a campaign by partisans of one candidate to discredit and smear perhaps an idealistic another candidate. We've had such in nearly every political campaign since the days of John Adams but it wasn't until 1844 that they were named after a specific one.

On August 1 of that year a letter was printed in the Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal which asserted that James K. Polk, the Democratic candidate, had bought his slaves with his initials as though they were so many cattle. Other abolitionist journals promptly reprinted the letter to sway sentiment in the North against the Tennessean and it was as promptly denounced by Polk's supporters.

The editor of the Journal was attacked viciously and he retaliated by starting libel suits against his detractors. He declared that the truth of the statement could not be doubted, since the authority for the statement was a book which had "received the approbation of every American critic." It was Roorback's "Tour Through Southern and Western States in the Year 1839" and Roorback was a foreign observer with no personal interests and no friends to flatter. Moreover he had written his book long before Polk was a candidate for President.

But Polk's friends soon proved that the whole thing was a hoax. They showed that the alleged quotation from Roorback's book had been lifted from George William Featherstonhaugh's "Excursion Through the Slave States." After giving verbatim this Englishman's description of "a planter" and "a negro," the author of the letter to the Ithaca Journal had added: "Forty of these unfortunate beings had been purchased, by the individual named, J. K. Polk, the present speaker of the House of Representatives; the mark of the branding iron, with the initials of his name on their shoulders, distinguishes them from the rest."

After this revelation, the whole "villainous forgery" was investigated, the editor of the Ithaca Journal was exposed and the author of the letter exposed as a Democratic officeholder, belonging to a faction opposed to Polk. The excitement over this incident died down before the election but by that time the fame of "Roorback," a man who had never existed, was firmly established and his name has come down in history as a synonym for a political forgery or a lie in a whispering campaign.

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FABLES IN SLA

© Bell Syndicate

By GEORGE ADE

For the First Time That Year the Car Was Obeying the Law Doing Less Than 25.

STEPPING ON IT

ONCE there was a group of Pleasure-Seekers packed into a Motor Car. They were out for Relaxation and they were going to find it by whizzing to a Point 300 Miles distant and then turning around and beating it back Home.

Notwithstanding which it is said that People live longer than they used to live.

There were two Captains on Board. One was the high-priced Lad at the Wheel, who thought that every stretch of Good Road was part of the Indianapolis Speedway. The other, Mrs. Henry Gibble, whose Husband had paid for the Car just twice what a dandy Queen Anne Cottage would have cost before Lumber went up. Mr. Gibble thought he was the Captain but he was only the Cabin Boy. They wouldn't even let him hold the Road Map.

The others who had embarked were three in Number, as follows: Estelle, only daughter of the Gibbles, who held the World's Record for Non-Dabbling during the Day.

Herbert Poindexter, supposed to be almost engaged to Estelle because he looked Aristocratic and was a Steady Hoofer, even if he was on Salary.

Miss Leonora Peevy, unmarried sister of Mrs. Gibbee. Positive Character who held back nothing except her True Age.

That made six in All and any good Mind-Reader might have guessed correctly that no two were agreed on anything—not even Evolution.

For instance the Chauf felt that when he was doing less than 95 he was crawling. Then he

Confidence and Ignorance

Estelle always said that 80 miles an Hour was a reasonable Clip.

Mr. Poindexter said that when he traveled above 60 he could feel his Brain Substance turning to Jell.

As Mrs. Gibble could not see any sense in doing more than 50.

Mr. Gibble would have stayed around 40 all the time if he had been permitted to give Directions. Which he was not.

Miss Peevy had read a great deal about Motor Accidents. Every time she read one into a high-powered Hurry-Up, she expected to be killed before she got back.

The Law said any one who travelled along at better than 25 miles an hour was a menace to Society.

Be that as it may, the Gibbles and their two Victims got away at last, when it was about time for Supper. The Starting Time had been set for 7:30, so that they could get to Bald Rock in time for the Noonday Luncheon.

It seemed that Estelle had some Trouble getting her Eye-Brows to match and Mr. Poindexter sat for an Hour, in a Brown Study, looking at his Collection of Ties and trying to make a Selection.

After the Old Folks had sat in the Car, silent and motionless, for what seemed to be a Couple of Days, taking the Morning Sun in the Eyes, the two jovial Juveniles appeared and hoped that they hadn't kept anyone waiting. How lucky it is that Looks cannot kill!

Just as they crossed the Town Limits and passed into the Agricultural District, Mrs. G. asked, in a Tone suggesting that she wanted either Information or an Argument. "Well, what Root are we going to take?"

Mr. Poindexter, bursting with Confidence and Ignorance, said that he had heard, somewhere, that by bearing over toward Mutchburg and following the River to Ransom and Went come out on State Ha a direct Shoot to Bal they would have Le one would be speak else by that time.

A Sad Mi

We will always a Poindexter had m about the New Stone echo and Whiffleg tour made necessit being out between Sassafras Ridge

At the very Mom should have been Luncheon Basket Bald Rock, while echoed through the Gibble's Stomach. Lip they were, as M ward described it, a Corners, on a Dirt R seen a Scraper star As far as the Eye co was a verdant Lan bushes. For the fir the Car was obeyi was doing less tha

If the Noonday Lu promptly at 3 p. m. eral Gloom of Mrs because Mr. and Miss Peevy cam to say what Root hoping that Estell marry Mr. Poinde

Everything Fell Flat

Bald Rock is on a Railway, running bet the Globe from Ke away Road in th Gibbles Automob from Bald Mountai haha, where they ra ing the Night at t sort Hotel.

Mr. Gibble will ne he wrote for Reser thinks that he mak Nevertheless it was stained and refre found themselves Hotel Office, like Inhabitants of an Immigrant Ship which had been Quarantined kept for unlawful Hill while Mr. Fred ing the Father-in Cots in the laund

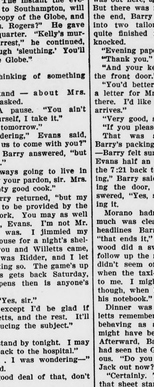
When they got a A. M. it was Mrs. G orders and so Mr. when the Speed Co outside of Jimpson Bay was Winnemuck, a Root to Bald Rock and were creeping along 15 miles Per Hour soaked. The Gibbles were out on the Engine and Miss Peevy Knock.

It had to be one of that went flat. The Miles, which Estelle to satisfy every Mrs. Gibble, Miss Poindexter.

The Shades of Night fast when the jovial through a Joint Hotel 50 miles from a Big Town.

No one had ever any one Else enjoy ble was handing it effective who Spoil what she said herewith as the this Article is Ended.

MORAL: Autom ture.



"That Leaves My Account Straight," Barry Thought.

der "Disbursed," he credited himself with the same check, which had been banked for Peggy, and with whatever cash he had on hand, and a few minor expenditures. "That leaves my account straight," Barry thought. "My Mr. Poindexter has been guilty of unlawful entry, tampering with the mails, and pretending to be somebody I wasn't."

It left his bank account far from straight. When he'd subtracted "Disbursed," he'd written "Received," and made out his check for the balance, the result was a rather startling overdraft. "All right," Barry said. "I'll sell out my wardrobe. Studs, and cuff-links, and things. I guess I won't need 'em any more."

He started—terribly—to write a letter to Mrs. Ridder. It would have begun, "Dear Mother: (Not mine, of course.)" That was to mean, "Me, a I'm just a sob-sister." Barry berated himself, tucking the check, unsigned, into a letter by his check, into an envelope, and inscribing it, "Mrs. John Clarke Ridder, Addressed." He propped the envelope against a calendar, and for a moment, sat looking at it. "I wish I could find him my mother," he had thought, his first morning at Southampton. He'd even seen her recently now, after all these weeks of "make believe."

"I've got to write Pat," he decided at last. "I certainly owe her an apology, and a good-by." This letter certainly mustn't be "maudlin."

"Dear Pat," he started. "Dear Pat: (I suppose I should write 'Miss Hambidge' now, but I can't.) You wouldn't let me say I was sorry for what happened today, but I am. I won't try to excuse myself. You'll forget it, I hope, as quickly as you'll forget everything else in this grotesque association. I won't forget. You're the realest lady I ever knew. So this is thanks and good-by to you and your father, and—most sincerely trusting that your worries, like Peg's, are over—I remain always respectfully, Barry Gilbert."

Packing proved complicated. Most of his clothing—paid for long ago—was out here, and had to be taken in. But there was no suit-case. Neat, to the end, Barry folded his belongings into two tailor's boxes. He hadn't quite finished folding when Willetts knocked.

"Evening paper, sir."

"Thank you."

"And your key, sir. You left it in the front door."

"You'd better keep it. And there's a letter for Mrs. Ridder on the desk there. I'd like her to get it when she arrives."

"Very good, sir. Dinner at seven?"

"If you please."

That was all. No reference to Barry's packing, or the confession that Barry felt sure—had been relayed by Evans half an hour ago. "I'm taking the 7:21 back to town tomorrow morning," Barry said, as Willetts was closing the door, but Willetts only answered, "Yes, sir," and went on closing it.

Morano hadn't been arrested. So much was clear from the screaming headlines Barry scanned. However, "that ends it," Barry felt sure. "Flo-wood did a swell job. Why didn't I follow up the number of that cab? It didn't seem of the least importance when the taxi-driving medico gave it to me. I might have known it was, though, when Ernie wrote it down in his notebook."

Dinner was uneventful—with Willetts remembering his "position," and behaving as any well-trained butler might have been expected to behave. Afterward, Barry phoned Peg. She had seen the Globe, but was still skidding. "Do you really think they'll let Jack out now?"

"Certainly. They're not going to get that sheet started again on Tammany Hall."

"And it'll be tomorrow, you think?"

"Probably. I'll keep in touch with you." Barry promised, and finished his packing. Then he re-read the Globe story, and marked parts of it—to pondder in town.

Throughout breakfast next morning, Barry wondered whether this remarkable butler could know he was "going for good." "I've left a few parting gifts on my desk," he ventured, at last. "For cook, and everybody. Will you take care of 'em?"

"Yes, sir."

"I shan't be back. I suppose Evans told you."

"Yes, sir."

That was too much.

Barry said, "Well, what do you think about it?"

"That's not for me to say, sir. My place is to obey orders. I've tried to do that, sir. If I've made a mistake, it hasn't been for want of trying."

"Your mistake was quite natural," Barry reassured him. "You'd have told you'd find young Mr. Ridder here, and you found me. I said I was young Mr. Ridder. That seems to let you out."

"Yes, sir."

Willetts hesitated.

"Anyway, that wasn't the mistake I had in mind sir. That was a natural mistake. I thought one of the papers a man. I still think so. It's five after seven, sir."

Barry just made the train. At Spconk, he bought a morning paper, and read it through from cover to cover. Conservative Times regarded that as the end of the case against Rogers. "Night Club Proprietor, Central Figure in Blunder, Killed Resisting Arrest," its headline began, and closed, "Mrs. Ridder and Mrs. Rogers Expected Today." Barry pored over both stories—that in the Times and that in last night's Globe—on the way to New York. "Well," he reflected, "one of my suspects was right, anyway. Peter Winslow can't laugh that off."

And, suddenly, he let the newspaper fall, and leaned forward, with his wrists on his knees.

"It's queer though," he said, almost aloud, to the click of the wheels. "Very queer. Very damned queer."

At the station, he stopped for a time-table. "Is there one," he asked, "that gives all the trains out of here?"

The man grinned at him, thrusting forward three thick folders.

Ten o'clock found him at Winslow's office.

"Mr. Winslow won't be in today," Peter's secretary announced. "Mrs. Winslow had a bad heart attack last night. So bad that Mr. Winslow telephoned to the Hambidges. They're with Mrs. Winslow now."

"Was that your last news?"

"No. Mr. Winslow called up half an hour ago to say that Mrs. Winslow's a little better."

"Had he seen this?"

Barry indicated the headline in the Times.

"Yes. He talked to Mr. Colton about it. Mr. Colton's one of the young men in the office, you know. He's been with the district attorney to ask for Rogers' release. Mr. Winslow said, if you called I was to tell you that would be only a matter of hours. Should you like us to phone you when there are any thing certain?"

"Please. I suppose there's no use of my going to the Tombs now?"

"Not much. Mr. Colton's going there from the district attorney's. Well phone you."

Barry phoned Peggy, and then strolled across Forty-second street. It was a delightful morning, and his rather comic bundles had been dispatched to his hotel from the station.

"No sense in my following 'em yet," Barry told himself. "I don't want to sit around that cursed room all day."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Many Civil War Deserters

By the end of the Civil war there were 13,046 desertions of Illinois' enlisted men. This was due to political trouble.

SAUL CONVERTED AND COMMISSIONED

LESSON TEXT—Acts 9:1-9, 17-19; 1 Timothy 1:13-14.

GOLDEN TEXT—I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26:19.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Saul Becomes Jesus' Friend.

JUNIOR TOPIC—On the Road to Damascus.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC —Appointed for Service.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC —After Conversion, What?

The conversion of Saul of Tarsus is on of the outstanding events of Bible history. It presents one of the strongest evidences of the truth of the Christian faith, for only on the ground of regeneration can we account for the change in Saul's life, and only on the assurance that he met the Living and Risen Christ can we account for his conversion.

As our lesson opens we find the brilliant, zealous, young Jew, Saul, standing, however, ssed her, though she s chair at which she en she came into the really think I could ce asked, with just a ent tempering the wor- sent in her tone. "But- ow why you think it, he couldn't tell the a woman. The wom- mother."

Barry began.

atter," the girl inter- ing much matters now. evening's Globe com- Barry Ridder, and that please him tomorrow want, isn't it. And, if I'll go upstairs to my you it."

ood the door to the hall Barry opened it.

Anything?" he asked

hink anybody can," Pat thing father or I could help Morano, or any- outside?"

se, you'll see Peggy. over. Please tell her and that I'll phone later

the hall by this time appeared on the

to your father, Miss?"

Pat replied, just as ran up the stairs.

over—along with ev- I made a clean sweep Barry sent Willetts way to the hospital. e to shoot off my the last minute." Three words, and of suspicion went off

Harwood barely more fast," Barry said once he'd identified papers would reach What was the differ- the Globe from Ke- Barry felt sure—had been delayed by Evans half an hour ago. "I'm taking the 7:21 back to town tomorrow morning," Barry said, as Willetts was closing the door, but Willetts only answered, "Yes, sir," and went on closing it.

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"Yes. He talked to Mr. Colton about it. Mr. Colton's one of the young men in the office, you know. He's been with the district attorney to ask for Rogers' release. Mr. Winslow said, if you called I was to tell you that would be only a matter of hours. Should you like us to phone you when there are any thing certain?"

"Please. I suppose there's no use of my going to the Tombs now?"

"Not much. Mr. Colton's going there from the district attorney's. Well phone you."

Barry phoned Peggy, and then strolled across Forty-second street. It was a delightful morning, and his rather comic bundles had been dispatched to his hotel from the station.

"No sense in my following 'em yet," Barry told himself. "I don't want to sit around that cursed room all day."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Many Civil War Deserters

By the end of the Civil war there were 13,046 desertions of Illinois' enlisted men. This was due to political trouble.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.

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I. A Bold Persecuter (9:1, 2).

He was "yet breathing out threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord." The death of godly Stephen had only increased his determination to wipe out those who were "of this way"—the followers of the One who is "the way." But as he carries letters from the high priest to Damascus which would authorize him to imprison them, he meets the Christ whom he persecutes and he becomes

II. A Convicted Sinner (vv. 3-9).

Stricken down by a brilliant heavenly light, he finds himself talking to the Lord Jesus. He hears from his holy lips the solemn indictment of those who persecute God's people—"Why persecutest thou me?" He who lays unkind hands, or untrue accusation upon God's children had best beware, for so closely is our Lord identified with His people that when they suffer, it is he who bears the hurt.

In a single sentence the Lord disposes of the persecuting zeal and the sinful skepticism of this proud young Pharisee, and Saul enters into Damascus not as the haughty persecuter, but as a man trembling and astonished at his own sin. He spends three days shut in with his own soul and God, not seeing, not caring to eat, losing all consciousness of self, but entering into communion with God. By God's grace the old life is pulled up by the roots and is displaced by a new life in Christ Jesus. And now God is ready to send the servant Ananias to address Paul as

III. A Converted Brother (vv. 17-19).

The fears of Ananias that Saul might still be worker of evil (v. 13) is soon overcome by God's assurance that in the praying Saul he had prepared for himself "a chosen vessel" (v. 15) to bear the gospel to the Gentiles and to Israel. He is to be children of Israel. Let us not fail to note carefully that the greatest of all Christian leaders, the apostle Paul, was led out into his life of loyalty and service to Christ by a humble layman. Repeatedly God's Word by precept and example stresses the importance of personal work on the part of lay men and women. The leaders of Christian work during the coming generation are now in the Sunday School classes of our churches, perhaps in a little wayside chapel in the country, in the village church, in the mission or settlement house.

Saul knew nothing of that subtle hypocrisy known as being "a secret believer," for at once he made open confession of his faith in baptism, and "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues that he is the Son of God" (v. 20). He became indeed

IV. A Mighty Preacher (I Tim. 1:12-14).

In this passage Paul is writing to his son in the faith, Timothy, about thirty-four years after his conversion. As he looks back over the years he forgets the trials and sorrows, the beating with rods, the shipwrecks, the bitter disappointment over false brethren (read II Cor. 11:23-28). He remembers only the matchless grace of God that showed mercy toward a blasphemer and persecuter, and counted him faithful, appointing him with "his service."

Paul summarizes that which we have been seeing in the grace of the world's mightiest preacher by attributing it all in true humility to "the grace of our Lord" which "abounded exceedingly with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." For to him "to live was Christ" (Phil. 1:21).

Follow Your Bent

Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your own line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing.—Sydney Smith.

Great and Small Acts

The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.—F. W. Robertson.

FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER

FLOYD GIBBONS' ADVENTURERS' CLUB

Hello Everybody

"Thunder in the Air"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

STEP up and meet William Dill of Newark, N. J. Bill's got a yarn to tell us today, and if it doesn't make him a Double Distinguished Adventurer with an order of blood and thunder on the side, then I'll be a Chinaman and so will my brother Ed.

It was during the early days of the World war—the fall of 1916, to be exact—and Bill Dill was working in a place where trouble was in the air and danger perched on his shoulder every minute of the day.

He was a foreman in a munitions plant located in the Bush Terminal building in Brooklyn, and in those days, mysterious accidents were happening in munitions plants all over the country.

The big "Black Tom" explosion had occurred in July of that same year, and people said that German spies and agents had been responsible for it. The United States was expected to take a hand in the war any minute. Germans were being watched closely by government detectives.

Munitions Factory Does a Shimmy.

German boats were being confiscated and all factories turning out war material for the Allies were swarming with guards watching for evidence of dirty work at the crossroads. But just the same, "accidents" and mysterious explosions were happening all over the country. No one knew where trouble was going to strike next.

It was almost nine o'clock on a chill September evening. The plant was working 24 hours a day, and the men were coming back to work after the supper hour. Bill Dill was in the glass-enclosed office, checking over reports. Everything seemed to be going nicely, when suddenly the floor gave a lurch, a terrific roar filled the air, and glass began flying from every direction.

The first thought Bill had was one of surprise to find that he was still sitting in his chair. He was cut in half a dozen places about the face and arms by bits of flying glass, but otherwise he seemed to b

Bill Got to the Switch and Snapped It Off

unhurt. He looked out over the floor of the plant. For a second or two everyone stood still. Then, all at once, they began a mad screaming rush for the exits.

Bill dashed out of the office, shouting to the men to stay where they were. At the door stood a guard, his arms outstretched, trying to halt the fears of the panic-stricken workers. The men stopped for a second, and Bill thought they had calmed down. But at the crucial moment, a new menace threw them into a second frenzy of fear. Smoke! A heavy black pall of it was issuing from the direction of the sand blast room.

There Was Sabotage in the Sand Blast Room.

Nothing could stop those frightened men then. They stampeded for the doors. Bill was knocked over on a tray full of shrapnel shells. A guard tripped over a fellow carrying two pails full of oil, and both of them went down while oil ran all over them and over the floor. Bill scrambled to his feet and ran toward the sand blast room. He had a pretty good idea of what had happened. There were two giant compressors in there that stored air in great tanks five feet wide and eight feet high. Someone had been tampering with those compressors, and one of the tanks exploded.

Bill had gone about three steps in the direction of the sand blast room when suddenly, the lights went out. At the same time, several terrific explosions rocked the building and a dull red glare lit up the great room as great tongues of flame licked out across the floor. At the flash of light Bill stumbled through the door to the sand blast room and saw the body of the blast operator stretched out on the floor.

Bill didn't stop to pick up the blast operator. Suddenly he was feeling weak, and he knew that big explosion had hurt him more than he first suspected. While he still had his strength, he had to shut off the compressors which were still pumping air into the second, still unexploded tank.

How Bill Saved the Day for Bush Terminal.

The smoke was so thick that Bill was gasping to get his breath. The acrid fumes, drawn deep into his lungs, seared and burned them. His eyes smarted. His knees buckled beneath him. Flames were shooting up all around him. He had just about enough strength to reach the power switch and turn off the compressors. How he was going to get out of that fire-swept room he didn't know. He wasn't even thinking of that. First of all, the compressors had to be turned off.

Bill got to the switch and snapped it off. Then, suffocated and exhausted, he sank in a heap on the floor while tongues of flame lapped around him, coming closer and closer with every second. A black curtain descended over his eyes. Bill fainted.

He came to to find someone bending over him, holding a bottle of smelling salts to his nose. He asked about the sand blast operator and was told that he'd been taken to a hospital. In the sand blast room, the company's firemen were getting the blaze under control. All was well with Bush Terminal. But the "accident" was not without its effect. "We discovered," says Bill, "that the explosion had been caused by someone who had tampered with the by-pass safety valves, and the next night more than nail my fore refused to return to work. Fear and panic had done their jobs only too well."

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Selling Wives Is Common Custom in Central Asia

Official attempts have failed to suppress wife bartering among the tribes inhabiting the Turkestan plateau in Central Asia. Here, true to immemorial custom, shrewd merchants haggle over the prices of women herded together in the village market as cattle like sheep or camels. Frequently, reveals a writer in London Tit-Bits magazine, young girls are kidnaped from their mountain homes own parents sometimes being at the back of these revolting transactions. With the wealthier tribes men all keeping big harems, the Asiatic marriage markets are always busy.

About a century ago, sales of wives were publicly tolerated in England. In March, 1802, at the market cross, Chapel-en-le-Frith, a laborer, though bidding opened lously, could get no more than for his wife a child, and a few oddments of furniture. That same year a butcher's wife, put up for sale at Hereford, fetched £1 4s. and a bowl of punch. Some husbands even negotiated their wives on leasehold terms. Strapping provincial lasses, caught by London wife traders, were generally disposed of at Smithfield, their average price being 18s.

Lakes Filled With Dust

American lakes have been known to develop mats of vegetable matter so deep and strong and so covered with wind-blown dust that they appeared to be solid ground. In one case, notes a writer in Collier's Weekly, a railroad line was constructed over such a surface and the mistake was not discovered until the first train ran over the track—and sank out of sight.